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YOUNG WINGS

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

The Book Club for Young Readers

In the United States and Canada

SEPTEMBER 1954

OUR TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

1929-1954

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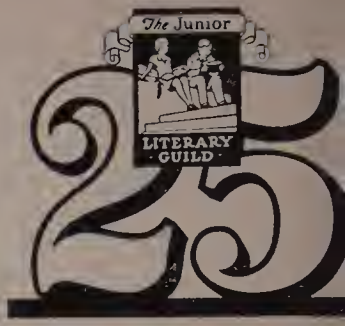

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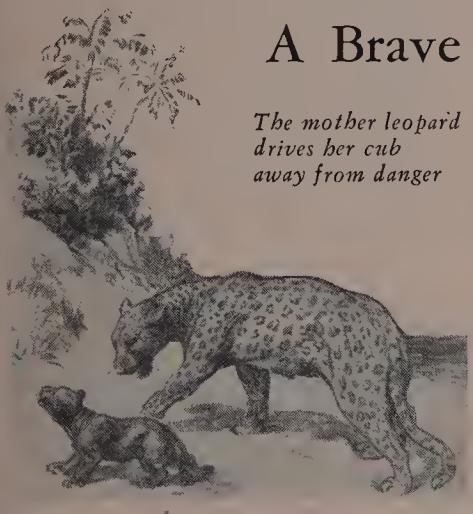
YOUNG WINGS

From The Junior Literary Guild

Helen Ferris, Editor-in-Chief

Ruth Clement Hoyer, Editor of *Young Wings*

A Brave Struggle for Life



The mother leopard drives her cub away from danger

TWO leopard cubs were born in the underground den, part of the ruins of an old fort built when the Portuguese ruled the island of Ceylon. The male cub was larger than his sister, and his coat was different. It had none of the countless black spots which most leopard skins have. His coat was a solid black.

It is the story of this young leopard which Denis Clark has told for you older girls in *Black Lightning*. The story is a thrilling one, and a true one, as you will see when you read about the author on page eight. With Black Lightning you will share the perils of the jungle. The cub was still young when hunters killed his father. Not long afterward, he was separated from his mother and sister. So the black cub was forced to learn by himself how to find his food and fight the battles he must win in order to live.

For a time he was a captive. He was caught by accident in a trap set for elephants. His captors sold him to a circus, and there he became part of the menagerie. A young boy opened the cage door one night and let him escape. That boy and his teacher, the old monk, enter again into the life of Black Lightning when the hermit picks a cave for his cell near the animal's drinking pool. There the leopard saves the man's life.

The artist, C. Gifford Ambler, is also a new Junior Guild friend. He is introduced to you on page nine. His gift for portraying animals is evident in the beautiful illustrations, some of which are reproduced in YOUNG WINGS.

Black Lightning by Denis Clark is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for older girls. It is published in the regular trade edition by The Viking Press, Inc., at $2.50. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject headings: 1. Leopards—Fiction. 2. Ceylon—Wild life—Fiction.

He Wanted to Be a Hero

A HERO! That was what Chief Dooley wanted to be. Almost every night he read in the newspapers about the brave deeds of the policemen in the big city. One policeman saved the life of a drowning boy. Another caught three dangerous bank robbers. Again and again the Mayor was giving the city policemen medals for bravery.

If only he could show people how brave he was, thought Chief Dooley. But what chance did he have to prove himself on this job of his? His work was not a bit important, even if he was busy from morning to night. Nothing exciting ever happened in small Newtown Center. Perhaps he should go to the big city and get a job there. So one day he asked for time off and went to the city.

Every morning Chief Dooley watches traffic on the crowded main street

He called at the city police headquarters and asked for a job. There was no opening now, the Chief said, but he would surely keep him in mind.

What a surprise greeted Chief Dooley when he returned from his trip! You'll read all about that surprise, five and six year olds, in your book: *Chief Dooley's Busy Day,* written and illustrated by Kay and Harry Mace.

This book brings you new friends—another husband-and-wife, author-artist team. You will be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Mace on pages ten and eleven.

The kindergarteners cross the street

Chief Dooley's Busy Day by Kay and Harry Mace is the new Junior Guild selection for 5 and 6 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Abelard Press, Inc., at $2.00. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject headings: 1. Community helpers—Fiction. 2. Police—Fiction.

Rain Is for All

MIKE McBlossom was not a bit happy. In fact, he was very sad. He looked out of his bedroom window at the rain

falling on the buildings, the trees, the animals, and the ground. Streams of rain splashed against the windowpanes. How could anyone expect him to be happy? He had planned to fly his beautiful green kite today, and now look at it. This was no day for flying kites—that was sure.

"This rain is a big nuisance," Mike said to his dog April. "I wish the sun would shine and the wind would blow. Rain is only for ducks."

Downstairs Mrs. McBlossom was standing at the kitchen door. She smiled happily at the falling rain. Mr. McBlossom, too, watched the rain from the door of his barn. He was glad. He liked rain. Why, he liked it so much that he even named his place Showers Farm and painted

the name in big letters on the red barn. And the dog was named April, after the month that had the most rain.

Was Mike right? Is rain only for ducks? Or were Mike's parents right in being happy over rain? In *Not Only for Ducks: The Story of Rain,* our new selection for you seven and eight year olds, Glenn O. Blough talks about rain. He tells what happens both in the country and in the city when days, weeks, pass without rain. Let it rain!

The author and the artist are both old Junior Guild friends. Glenn Blough wrote *The Monkey with a Notion.* On pages sixteen and seventeen Mr. Blough talks about the importance of rain.

The artist for your new book was Jeanne Bendick. Turn to the back cover of YOUNG WINGS to see what other Junior Guild books she has illustrated—and written. Yes, Jeanne Bendick is a Junior Guild author, too.

Not Only for Ducks: The Story of Rain by Glenn O. Blough is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 7 and 8 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Whittlesey House at $2.25. Dewey Classification: 551.4. Subject heading: Rain and rainfall.

The Captives

WHERE were the rabbits? The morning had gone, and not a single rabbit had Jaro seen. Usually he had one caught by sunup—caught and ready for his mother to drop into the earthen cooking pot. It was the Indian boy's duty to bring in food for the family, and so each day he went hunting. But today he had failed. There was no rabbit for the family's dinner.

His hunt had brought him far from his village on Stone Mountain, but he must not return without food. Spying boulders where rabbits might be hiding, he ran across the hot sand. Suddenly he stopped. A great army was moving up from the south over the desert.

Exciting adventures await you nine, ten, and eleven year olds in *Jaro and the Golden Colt*, by Margaret Phelps. Jaro is caught in the path of the advancing army—Spaniards under Coronado on their search for gold. Captured, the boy becomes a slave for the Spaniards. An Indian bearing burdens for the whites!

In the camp Jaro sees his first horses and becomes attached to the golden stallion ridden by the ugly invader who had caught the

boy. When Jaro finally manages to escape from the Spaniards, he does not forget to free the stallion, too. Then Jaro travels many weary days to warn his village of the invaders.

Two new friends come to you in this book of yours. On page twelve you will read about the author, Mrs. Phelps, and on page thirteen about the artist, Evelyn Copelman, who has illustrated other books by Mrs. Phelps.

Jaro and the Golden Colt by Margaret Phelps is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 9, 10, and 11 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Macrae Smith Company at $2.75. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject headings: 1. Indians of North America—Hopis—Fiction. 2. Cliff dwellers—Fiction. 3. Spaniards in America—Fiction. 4. Horses—Fiction.

Danger All along the Way

LAURENT Delair's reason for crossing the Atlantic Ocean to Quebec, in New France, was to learn the fur business. At his father's death he had inherited stock in a fur company run by his cousin Paul in Quebec.

In New France the boy met Robert Cavelier, better known as La Salle. Laurent was drawn at once to the older man and listened eagerly to his plans. Great was the boy's shock, therefore, to discover that his own cousin was plotting against La Salle and wanted Laurent to spy on him. There were many, it seemed, who looked upon La Salle's expedition to the mouth of the Mississippi River as a dangerous threat to the fur trade.

Laurent refused to betray his new friend and, instead, joined the expedition to help. In *The Wilderness Way*, by Merritt Parmelee Allen, you older boys will go with Laurent on the long, perilous journey. You will learn to know La Salle, as well as Joe You, an experienced voyageur who befriends Laurent. Sabotage—deserters—Indian attacks—these are but a few of the dangers. And always close at hand is the treacherous cousin, eager to ruin the expedition as well as to get rid of the young cousin so that he can own the business.

On pages fourteen and fifteen you will meet Merritt Parmelee Allen, the author. The artist for your book is Larry Toschik.

The Wilderness Way by Merritt Parmelee Allen is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for older boys. It is published in the regular trade edition by Longmans, Green & Co. at $2.75. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject headings: 1. La Salle, Robert Cavelier, sieur de—Fiction. 2. French in America—Fiction. 3. Indians of North America—Fiction.

He Lived There

Denis Clark

THE story which Denis Clark tells in *Black Lightning* is a true one. He heard it himself from an old Buddhist monk on the island of Ceylon. Denis spent many years in the very jungle that was the home of your leopard hero. In the Foreword of your book Stephanie Clark, his wife, tells more about Denis and his eagerness to have his book reach girls and boys everywhere. We wish he could see the story going out to Junior Guild Members. Unfortunately he died about three years ago.

Denis Clark was still young when he left school in England and traveled to the Far East, settling finally in Ceylon as an apprentice planter. He soon won a responsible position, becoming manager of a plantation when he was only eighteen. He made friends with the natives and learned to know and love the jungle. Later he spent two years on an East African farm.

Returning to England, he married. He began writing then, to support his wife and their baby. His books tell of his travels. For some time he and his family lived on the island of Corsica in the Mediterranean Sea.

At the outbreak of World War II, Denis Clark immediately joined the Royal Air Force. He served as a Gunnery Leader and then as a Wing Commander, receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross for his achievements. He completed a full tour of operations over Europe. He was also chosen to select glider pilots from all units for the invasion of Europe.

I Like to Cook

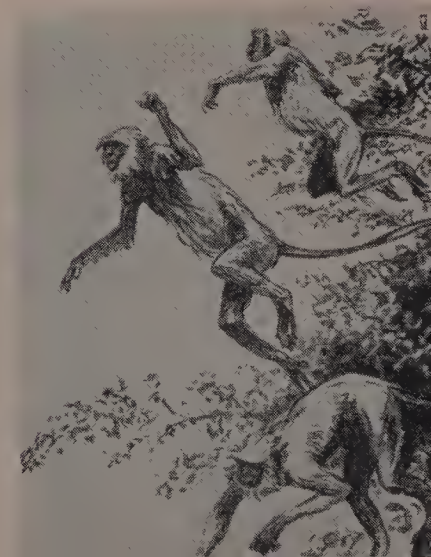
by C. Gifford Ambler

I WAS born in June, 1886, in Yorkshire, England—in the town of Bradford. I was sent to school when I was only three, probably because I was a nuisance about the house. On leaving school, I became a designer and maker of ornamental pottery. Evenings I attended Leeds School of Art. During that time I won gold, silver, and bronze medals in national competitions for drawing, designing, and modeling.

In 1914 I visited the United States and Canada and got as far west as Saskatoon, Canada, when the First World War broke. I scuttled back to England to rejoin my regiment, with which I served in France until 1918. While on leave in 1917 I got married.

Since the war I have been busy mostly with book illustrations and animal portraiture. I have illustrated several of my own stories. I am particularly interested in dogs and horses. Whenever I have a chance, I enjoy nothing better than a jog across the country on a horse. I am fond of cooking, too, and will back my short-crust pastry against anyone's.

C. Gifford Ambler, your artist, and some of his drawings for "Black Lightning"



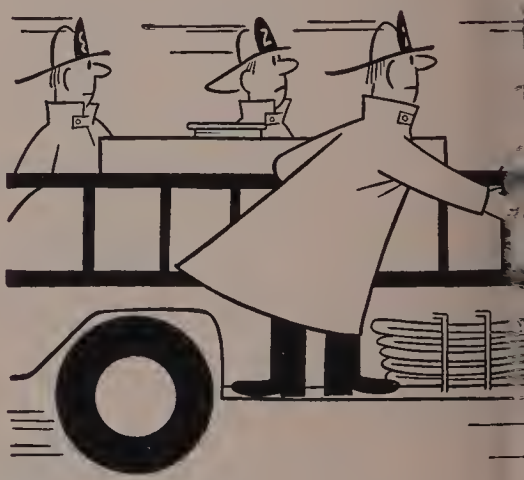
Every Day Is a Busy One in Ou

by Kay *and* Harry Ma

CHIEF Dooley's days were busy, what with one thing or another, *writes Kay Mace.* But in our big Connecticut home almost every day is busy. Harry is drawing cartoons in the studio. I am scurrying around in the kitchen, trying to get through in time to write some stories. When Janet is not in school—in first grade—she is pretending to be a cowboy or reading with all the new words she is learning. Peggy, just five, is drawing pictures and interrupting everyone else. Even our dog and two cats look busy, although sometimes they are only busy sleeping. All the same, it's a very happy place because we are all doing what we most enjoy.

From the very beginning, I have been surrounded by pencils, paint, and scraps of paper, for my parents were commercial artists working at home. We were living then in New York City, where I was born on May 16, 1921. Later on, we moved to Scarsdale. Then my mother, Katherine Southwick Keeler, began to write and illustrate stories for boys and girls. She had so much fun that I think I decided then to write stories myself someday. After graduating from Swarthmore College, I wrote commercials and advertising copy for several years.

It was during a year in Germany with the American Red



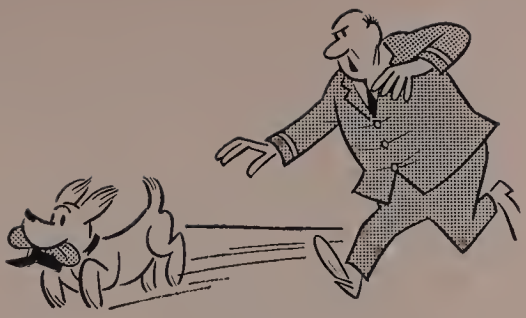
Kay and Harry Mace, a new Junior Literary Guild author-artist team

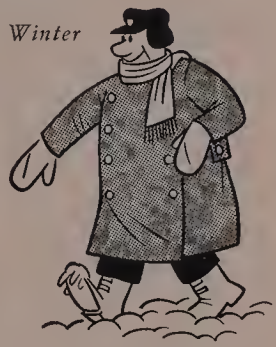
Cross that I met Harry Mace. He was with the 4th Signal Battalion.

I was born in Shawneetown, Illinois, *says Harry Mace,* and grew up in and around St. Louis. I have always wanted to be a cartoonist. I used to collect original drawings and signed comic strips,

onnecticut Home

and I drove my teachers to distraction by drawing caricatures all over the margins of my books. Just twice was I tempted to





o the fire!

change my ambition. Once I wanted to be a big league ballplayer. Later I played the trumpet in a band. But always I returned to drawing, and now my work appears in over thirty magazines of all sizes, shapes, and circulations. And I would not swap jobs with anyone.

Chief Dooley's Busy Day is the second book Kay and I have done together. We got the idea from a story told to us by the Chief of Police in a neighboring town. One day a small boy and his mother passed him on a street crossing. Apparently the boy had been naughty, for the Chief heard the mother say she would turn him over to the policeman if he did not behave. At once the Chief took the boy to a store and bought him a double ice cream cone.

"I want the children to come to me when they are in trouble," he said, "and not to run the other way." That's what Chief Dooley would have said and done, we're sure. Don't you think so, too?

Arizona—Her Adopted State

Margaret Phelps

JUDGING from her stories, one might think that your author, Margaret Phelps, had been born and raised in the great Southwest. But she was not. She was born in the state of Virginia and spent most of her girlhood in West Virginia. It was not until after she was married—to a young lawyer named Phelps—that she and her husband and their baby son moved out to Phoenix, Arizona. They have lived there ever since. Her lawyer-husband is now Judge of the Supreme Court, and their baby son has married and is the father of twins.

It is this adopted state of hers —Arizona—rather than her native state, which Mrs. Phelps has chosen for her stories. And she has written about that part of the country with all the knowledge and authenticity of a true native. In *Territory Boy* the young hero and his mother and sister journey along the pioneer wagon trail from Indiana to the Arizona Territory. *Chia and the Lambs* is a delightful story of a little Navaho girl and her Nine-Winters-Old Day and gives a true picture of life among the Navahos. In *Ketch Dog* a boy's love for dogs is combined with much information about life in the Southwest. Ranch life and cowboys, horses and sheep, make exciting reading in her other stories: *Gard and Golden Boy, Toby on the Sheep Drive,* and *Regular Cowboy.*

Margaret Phelps, a new Junior Guild author. She wrote "Jaro and the Golden Colt"

Mrs. Phelps autographing her books for her readers

Courtesy of Publishers' Weekly

Homework for Me

by Evelyn Copelman

Evelyn Copelman, the illustrator of your new selection, "Jaro and the Golden Colt"

TO ME, illustrating your new book, *Jaro and the Golden Colt* by Margaret Phelps, was a most rewarding experience. I sincerely hope that you Junior Literary Guild Members have as much enjoyment in reading this fine story of our great Southwest as I had in illustrating it.

I was born on September 4, 1919, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and have lived there ever since, attending the city's public schools. I was quite young when I showed an interest in drawing. My mother, a dress designer, encouraged me and sent me to the Graphic Sketch Club and Industrial Art School while I was still in school. Upon graduating from Simon Gratz High School, I was awarded a four-year scholarship at the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art.

In 1940, during my last year at the art school, I was married. After graduating, I took a job with an art agency. There I had the opportunity to illustrate my first book, a special edition of the *Wizard of Oz*.

Our first child was born in 1947. Then, finding that my time was not quite so free, I gave up my job and turned to free-lance

Jaro, captured by the Spaniards, is befriended by a white boy

work. I have done pictures for books, for magazines, and for advertising. Among the books have been five more by Margaret Phelps: *Territory Boy, Ketch Dog, Gard and Golden Boy, Toby on the Sheep Drive,* and *Regular Cowboy.* I have enjoyed illustrating Mrs. Phelps's stories.

We now have two daughters, ages seven and four, and so I have continued to work at home, dividing my time between my family and my art. Occasionally I paint or do some sculpturing, and I have more than a passing interest in home and furniture design.

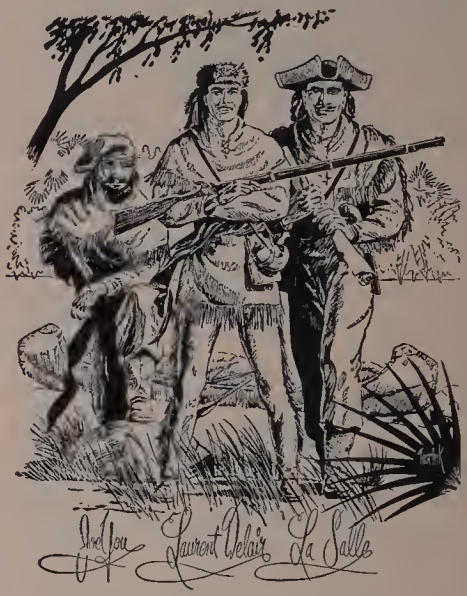
You'll Always Find a Way Out

by Merritt Parmelee Allen

I WAS born and raised here on the farm at Bristol, Vermont, where my family have lived for generations. I took for granted that I would continue that way of life, and I learned how to care for livestock and soils; how to work; how to win or lose without too much fuss; how to handle the Yankee hired man, who is the most independent person on earth.

We had no boys' clubs, no playgrounds, no supervised recreation. We took our fun wherever and whenever we found it. We hunted, trapped, rode horseback, and played ball out in the cow pasture. Some of the boys wanted to be President, but I dreamed only of becoming a big league pitcher or a Hudson Bay trapper.

Without radio and television, we had to use our imaginations by reading and re-creating what we read. Fortunately I had access to good books. The first one I owned, at the age of five, was Palmer Cox's *The Brownies around the World*. I still remember it with delight. Outstanding juveniles were by James Otis, Kirk



Monroe, G. A. Henty, and Ralph Henry Barbour. Then came the classics and two unforgettable

The Maples, the home of Merritt Parmelee Allen, a new Junior Guild author

books of poetry—an anthology called *Golden Numbers,* and *The Spell of the Yukon* by Robert Service. And there never were and never will be any periodicals to match *The Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas.* In later years I had the honor of contributing to both magazines.

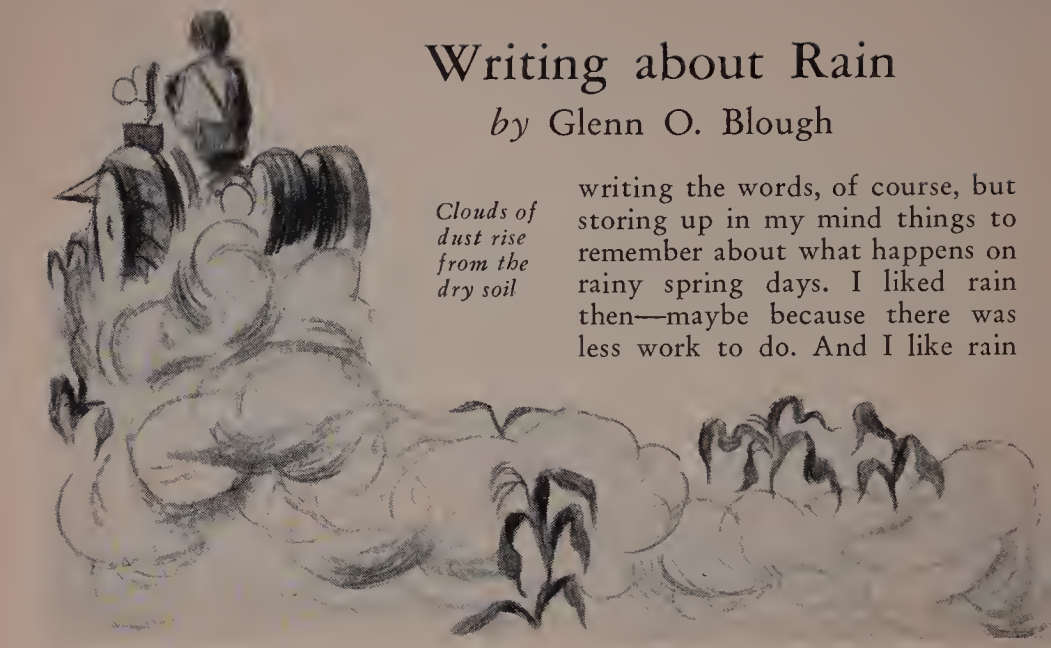
So it went until at the age of seventeen, while I was in high school, I was knocked flat by polio. I came back enough to be on my feet a little, but most of the time has been spent in a wheel chair. Every plan I had dreamed of making had to be scrapped and a new set of values built to meet the situation. Formal education was out; self-education began and is still very much in progress.

My thoughts turned to writing. The years of apprenticeship were spent here on the farm, out of personal contact with anyone in the literary field. I had to learn to use a whole new set of tools and invent others to meet my needs. So the product was long in taking shape. Slowly a few pieces passed inspection by publishers. Now I have written short stories and serials, radio serials and one-act plays, parts of half a dozen anthologies, and more than twenty-five books for boys, most of them adventure yarns based on American history.

I am telling you this on the chance that it may reach someone who thinks all doors have been slammed in his face. They have not been. If he will try and keep on trying long after common sense tells him to quit, he will find a door that can be opened. He will need help, the indispensable help of family and friends, for no one, no matter how tough he thinks he is, can do it alone. Especially will he need the help of someone like Vera Cline, who has been my nurse and partner for many years. She intuitively understands many things I never could figure out. And we find pleasure in work, friends, birds, flowers.

Writing about Rain

by Glenn O. Blough



Clouds of dust rise from the dry soil

FALLING rain made a merry sound on the granary roof. The door was open to the farmyard. You could stand in the doorway and watch the earth drink up the water as long, thin streams of rain came from the sky. You could smell the freshness of the green grass. Inside the granary were a mother cat and four spotted kittens. The mother liked to be petted, and the kittens were playful. The granary smelled good—smelled of corn and oats and wheat. Rainy days on our Michigan farm were lazy days. With no work to do in the fields, you could take longer at your chores because no one expected you to hurry. Anyhow that's the way I remember it.

I began writing *Not Only for Ducks* when I was still a boy on our Michigan farm—not actually writing the words, of course, but storing up in my mind things to remember about what happens on rainy spring days. I liked rain then—maybe because there was less work to do. And I like rain now because I know how much everyone, everything, needs rain. So I wrote this story about rain—about rain and plants and animals and about Mike, who did not care so much for rain at first.

Before you read my story, ask yourself this question: What things that you see every day would you not see if it did not rain? Make a list of what you find. You'll need to use both sides of a large piece of paper to make your list if you look very carefully and think about what you see. Go to your window now and take a look. You might even try writing a book yourself about rain. But, first, be sure to get well acquainted with rain. Watch to see where it goes when it falls. Dig down into the earth to see whether you can find the water. Dig up a dandelion or a clover plant and look care-

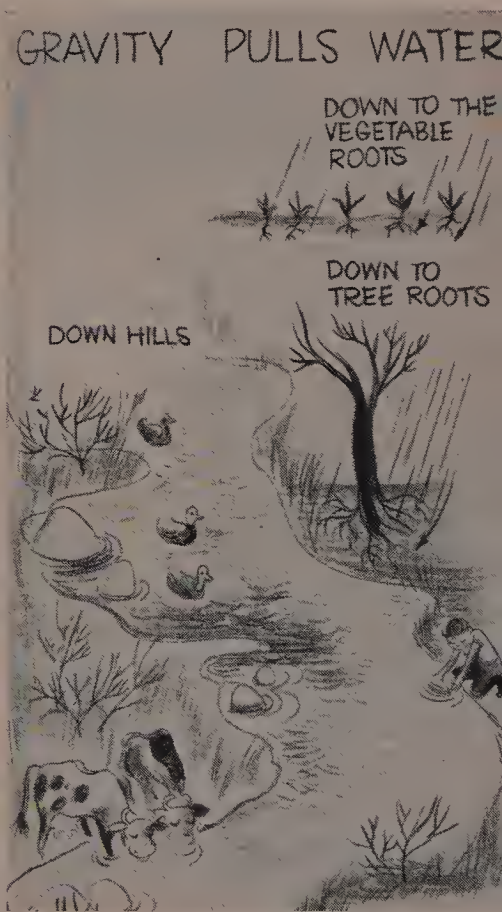
fully at the roots. But wait a minute! I'm giving you too many hints for your rain book.

In my story, rain comes in the spring. In your part of the country—or of the world—the rainy days may come at another time of the year. But no matter when the rain falls, it does the same things for plants, for animals, and for you.

While traveling around many parts of the United States, I have talked with girls and boys. There are hundreds of young people all over the country—from Maine to Florida to California and Oregon—who are like Mike in my story. They have his great liking for looking, for discovering all sorts of things that many people never see. They have real fun finding out: how plants can grow from seeds; where water goes when it disappears from a mud puddle; how birds keep warm in winter; what makes rain; how an airplane flies; and hundreds of other things. They are not merely "question askers." They are "question answerers," too. They make their discoveries by looking carefully at things, by reading in books or studying pictures, by making experiments, by going places to find out for themselves, and by asking people who know.

I enjoy writing books to help the many girls and boys who ask books to aid them in their discoveries. I do hope that you will like this story of rain and that it will help you to make some discoveries about rain.

Glenn O. Blough, Junior Guild author



The Junior Guild Goes to the Americas

North and South America

Junior Guild books are busy travelers, journeying all around the world and bringing letters from boys and girls everywhere. This month we have messages from the Americas: Canada and the United States in North America and Brazil in South America.

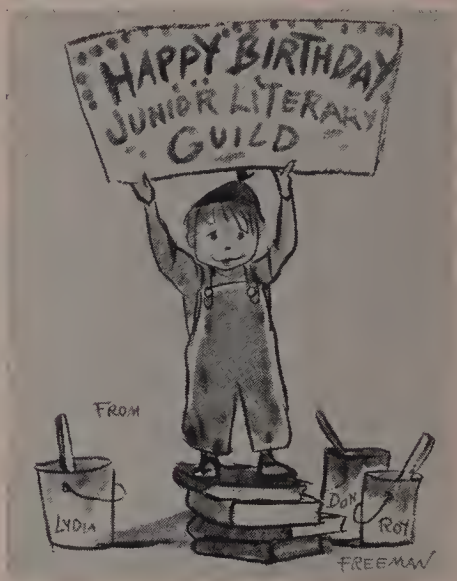
Elizabeth de G. Riggs, age 12, of Sao Paulo, Brazil, writes: You don't know how much I love to read your books. They are the best books anybody could ever read. The books you send me are just right: not too simple or too grown up. Sometimes when I get a specially nice one, the family reads it.

My latest book, *Step to the Music,* is the best. Phyllis A. Whitney is the author. The best part of the book is where Douglas realizes what a selfish beast he has been and tells Abbie so. I really hope all the rest of my books will be so good.

Many happy returns of the day to you, Junior Literary Guild! *says Jane McAnulty of Grosse Ile, Michigan.*

I must tell you how much I like my Junior Literary Guild books. I have belonged to the Book Club long enough to get fifteen or more books.

One of the books—*Tophill Road* by Helen Garrett—made me decide I wanted to be a writer. I also enjoyed these stories: *High Smoke,* by Audrey Chalmers; *Barney Hits the Trail,* by Sara and Fred Machetanz; and *Tomboy Row,* by Ruth Langland Holberg. I really should tell you that I enjoy every one of the books I get from our wonderful Book Club.



From Lydia, Don, and Roy Freeman far away in California. The boy holding the card is Roy

As long as you keep up this good work in choosing books, you will get many more subscriptions from me and from all the children all over the nation.

From Jacqueline Quantrill, age 9, of Weston in Ontario, Canada, comes this letter: I have been a Junior Literary Guild Member for almost a year, and I like my books very much.

I especially like *Boy of the Pyramids,* by Ruth Fosdick Jones. My favorite animal story is *Pepper,* by Barbara Leonard Reynolds. I like these two books because they are exciting all the way through. But I enjoy reading all the books which I get from the Junior Literary Guild.

Meet Jane McAnulty, age 11, of Grosse Ile, Michigan. Thank you, Jane, for the fine birthday greeting

Behind the Scenes with Jay Gee, the Office Elf

Hey, guys and gals. Take a look at the gal in the picture below? Isn't she a looker? Small and dark-eyed and dark-haired. She's my pal. Sure, she even helps me put things over on Helen Ferris. Read the big news below about that gal. Thrilling!

Oh, me! I'm about fagged out with all this excitement. I've been checking on next month's books while my pal's been keeping Helen Ferris busy in her office. Here you are.

Get out your space ships, nine, ten, and eleven year olds. Did you ever hear of the green planet where mushrooms grow? That's where you're going. What a trip you'll have! Up in the air for you seven and eight year olds, too, but you won't do the flying. Who will? Philip. Who's he? I know! Animals for you five and six year olds—animals by the dozens—all kinds of animals. Fun for you getting acquainted.

A parachute jump for you older guys into dangerous adventures behind the Iron Curtain. A young boy must be rescued, but look out for bloodhounds. Take a deep breath, older gals. That's some climb ahead of you, with peril at every step. Adventures aplenty as you fight to reach the peak.

Thérèse Doumenjou at her desk in the New York office of the Junior Literary Guild

Meet One of Junior Guild's Best Friends

Thérèse Doumenjou

Here she is—Thérèse Doumenjou—one of the best friends the Junior Guild has ever had. She has been here since March 1930—the Junior Guild started, as you know, in June 1929. She came to be Helen Ferris's secretary. In fact, Helen Ferris sent for her. Thérèse had been on the secretarial staff of *The American Girl* when Helen Ferris was its editor.

Later Thérèse became Junior Guild's office manager and then, for the past eight years, she has been active also as editorial assistant. Helen Ferris says that Thérèse knows more about the working of the Junior Guild than she herself does. Recently Thérèse was appointed Managing Editor of the Junior Guild. Congratulations, Miss Doumenjou! And congratulations, Junior Guild!

Does her name look hard to pronounce? Don't be afraid of it. Call her "Miss D" or "T-D," as all of us do.

With the Junior Literary Guild Everywhere

OUR 25TH YEAR

Birthday greetings still keep coming to the Junior Literary Guild from authors and artists and other friends. On page eighteen you will find a reproduction of the card which came from our author-artist team, Lydia and Don Freeman, and their young son Roy. On this page is a card that did not come through the post office. Helen Ferris found it on her desk one morning early in June. You see, the artist for this greeting was Josephine Sguaglia, otherwise Jo, of the Junior Guild's own staff.

Drawn by Junior Guild's own Jo

We are happy to have on our cover of YOUNG WINGS this month one of the splendid drawings made by Evelyn Copelman for the new selection for our nine, ten, and eleven year old Members: *Jaro and the Golden Colt* by Margaret Phelps.

This month we are welcoming back Jeanne Bendick, who was the illustrator for *Not Only for Ducks: The Story of Rain,* by Glenn O. Blough. Miss Bendick has been a Junior Guild artist—and author—before. She illustrated her own book, *Making the Movies,* as well as: *The Grocery Mouse,* by Eleanor Clymer; *Soldiers, Sailors, Fliers and Marines* and *Battles—How They Are Won,* both by Mary Elting and Robert T. Weaver; *The Lollypop Factory and Lots of Others* and *We Are the Government,* both by Mary Elting and Margaret Gossett.

Early last April there was a very special program presented at the lower grade assembly of the John Lewis Childs School of Floral Park, New York. Mrs. Marjorie De Witt's first grade class acted out the story of *The Four Riders,* by Charlotte Krum, a recent Junior Literary Guild selection. The class had read the story and were so enthusiastic about it that they decided to dramatize it. With the help of the music teacher, Miss Lucile Tegg, the boys and girls composed music for the refrain. Our thanks go to the school paper, *John Lewis Childs Reporter,* for the fine account it gave of the program.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD
The Book Club for Young Readers
Garden City, New York Toronto, Canada

The Junior Literary Guild is the Book Club for all young readers between the ages of five and sixteen. With the yearly membership each Member receives one new book every month for a year—twelve books in all—and a copy of YOUNG WINGS *with every book. Your friends will be glad to know about our Book Club. Full information may be obtained from The Junior Literary Guild, Garden City, New York.*

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